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**PENN HAPGOOD**  
OR, THE  
**Yankee - Schoolmaster.**

(DRAMA)

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PENN HAPGOOD  
—OR THE—  
YANKEE SCHOOLMASTER.  
A D R A M A

IN THREE ACTS;

—BY—

Geo. B. Chase.

*From a story written by J. W. Trowbridge.*

—O—

34

— TO WHICH IS ADDED —  
A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—  
ENTRANCES AND EXITS—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE  
PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE  
OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

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—CLYDE, OHIO:—

AMES' PUBLISHING CO.

PENN HAPGOOD; OR, THE YANKEE SCHOOL-MASTER.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

PENN HAPGOOD.....	<i>A Yankee schoolmaster</i>
MR. VILLARS.....	<i>An old clergyman</i>
MR. STACKRIDGE.....	<i>A farmer—loyal to the Union</i>
CARL MINNEVICH.....	<i>A young Dutchman</i>
GUS BYTHEWOOD.....	<i>A wealthy young Southerner</i>
LYSANDER SPROWL.....	<i>A colonel in the Confederate army</i>
SILAS ROPES.....	<i>A captain in the Confederate army</i>
JIM GAD.....	<i>A private in the Confederate army</i>
DAN PEPPERILL.....	<i>A tool for the confederates</i>
TOBY.....	<i>A faithful old negro</i>
MISS VIRGINIA VILLARS.....	<i>The clergyman's daughter</i>
SALINA.....	<i>Lysander's wife</i>
MRS. SPROWL.....	<i>A poor lone widder</i>

*Soldiers, etc., etc.*

—X—

Time in representation—2 hours

—X—

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R., means Right; L., Left; R. H., Right Hand; L. H., Left Hand; C., Centre; S. E.; [2d E.,] Second Entrance; U. E., Upper Entrance; M. D., Middle Door; F., the Flat; D. F., Door in Flat; R. C., Right of Centre; L. C., Left of Centre.

R. R. C. C. L. C. L.

••• The reader is supposed to be upon the stage facing the audience.

# PENN HAPGOOD; —OR THE— YANKEE SCHOOLMASTER.

## ACT I.

### SCENE I—A wood—school-house at R.

*Enter, CARL MINNEVICH and PENN HAPGOOD from school-house, cautiously.*

*Carl.* (looking off L.—turns to PENN, with hand raised) Sh!

*Penn.* What is it, Carl?

*Carl.* Shpeak very low! Don'd you see them vellows coming up the road?

*Penn.* Yes; who are they?

*Carl.* The wigilance committee's men! They have some tar in a kettle und I hear some of 'em say, "Run, poys, und bring some fedders!"

*Penn.* (excitedly) Tar and feathers! They have threatened it but they will not dare.

*Carl.* They vill dare do anything; but you shall prevent 'em! (takes revolver from under jacket) See vat I haf prought you! Stackridge sent it.

*Penn.* Hide it! hide it! He offered it to me himself. I told him I could not take it.

*Carl.* He said maybe ven you schmell tar und see fedders, you vill change your mind.

*Penn.* I believe in a different creed from Mr. Stackridge's, honest man that he is. I shall not resist evil; but overcome evil with good, if I can. If I cannot, I shall suffer it.

*Carl.* You show you vill shoot some of 'em und they vill let you go. Shooting vill do some of them villains some goot. (offers revolver to him) You take it?

*Penn.* No; such weapons are not for me.

*Carl.* Very vell! Then you come mit me, und I vill see dot you vas git away from dis place. Dot ish pest, I suppose.

*Penn.* No, no, Carl! I may as well meet these men first as last.

I thank you for your kindness; but I think it best that I should try and persuade them by kind words, rather than by force of arms.

*Carl.* Kind vords vill not do mit dose yellows. I vill go right away quick und bring help. *(exit R.)*

*Penn.* I expect I acted foolish in not taking the revolver when Carl offered it to me. What if those villians should undertake to carry out their threats? Ah, these are trying times indeed! My school is nearly broken up, and my stay here in Tennessee is becoming not only useless, but dangerous. But let come what may, I will stand by the Union! *(exit into school-house)*

*Enter, L., SILAS ROPES, with stub broom, followed by JIM GAD with kettle of tar, and DAN PEPPERILL with feather-bed.*

*Silas.* Now, boys, git that tar and them feathers ready, and I'll tell the Yankee abolitionist that we're 'bout ready fur him. *(poking head in school-house door)* Hey, in there! you bound of an abolitionist—

*Enter, CARL, R., on a run.*

—Stop, stop! Ketch that Dutchman! *(CARL runs out L., followed by JIM and DAN)* I guess we'll jest give that fellow a dose, too, while we're at it.

*Enter, JIM and DAN, L., with CARL.*

*Jim.* *(to CARL)* What have you been doing, you rascal? Come, speak out!

*Carl.* I don'd know! I tinks he *(pointing to SILAS)* vas vant to run a race mit me.

*Silas.* A race, you fool! Didn't you hear me tell you to stop?

*Carl.* Did you say sthop? Dot ish very queer, ven it sounded so much as if you said sthep—so I sthepped shust so fast as I could.

*Silas.* *(pointing R.)* What was you thar at that winder fur?

*Carl.* Vat vinder?

*Silas.* Ot the school-house.

*Carl.* Oh, to pe sure! I vas there because I left mine pooks in there veeek behind last, und I vas going to git 'em; but I saw somepody vas in there, und I vas afraid.

*Silas.* Wasn't it the school-master?

*Carl.* I shouldn't pe very much surprised if it vas the school-master.

*Silas.* *(shaking CARL)* You lying rascal! What did you say to him? *(CARL looks from one to the other)* Why don't you speak?

*Carl.* Vat did you say?

*Silas.* I said you, lying rascal—

*Carl.* Dot vas not mine name, und I tinks you vas shpeaking mit dis man. *(points to DAN, who is lying on bed)*

*Silas.* Dan Pepperill, what are you stretching your lazy bones thar fur? You don't act as if your heart was in this yer act of dooty we're 'bout to perform any more'n as if you was a northern mudsill yourself.

*Dan.* *(rising)* Wal, the truth is, the school-master has allas treated me well, and though I hate his principals—

*Silas.* You don't bate his principles, nuther! You're more'n half an abolitionist yourself! *(raising hand)* And I swear to gosh, if you don't do your part now—

*Dan.* I will! I'm a-going to—though, as I said, he has allus used me well, and—

*Silas.* Shet up!

*Kicks at DAN, who catches SILAS' foot and throws him—DAN falls on top of SILAS. CARL pushes JIM, who falls on top of DAN—then snatches up bed, and throwing it on JIM, tries to keep them all down.*

—(freeing himself—shakes fist at DAN) What did you pitch into me fur?

*Dan.* (to JIM) What did you pitch into me fur?

*Jim.* (to CARL) What did you push and jump on to me fur?

*Enter, PENN, from school-house.*

*Carl.* (laughing) Pless me! I tinks dot vas all for shport.

*Silas.* (in front of PENN) Thought you'd come out without bein' fatched, did ye? Very accommodatin' in you, to be sure.

*Penn.* Gentlemen, allow me to pass.

*Jim.* Wal, you can't pass till we've settled a small account with you that's been standing a little too long a'ready. (opening bed-tick *Dan Pepperill, git that tar ready! Come, show your sperit!*

(*exit, CARL, L.*

*Penn.* You, too, among my enemies, Daniel?

*Dan.* (stammering) I own—I own—you've allus used me well, Mr. Hapgood—but I hate your principles.

*Silas.* Look here, Dan Pepperill, you had better shet your yamp! Bring that kittle here! (to PENN) Now, mister school-master, peel off them clo'es mighty quick, if you don't want 'em peeled off fur ye!

*Penn.* I insist on knowing what I have done to merit this treatment.

*Silas.* Wal, that I don't mind tellin' ye, fur we've all night fur this little job before us. Dan Pepperill, stand up here!

(*DAN comes with his knees shaking*

*Penn.* Is it you, Daniel, who is to bear witness against me?

(*DAN rolls up his eyes and groans*

*Silas.* (slapping DAN on back) Come! Straighten them knees of your'n and be a man. Yes, mister school-master, Dan is a going to bear witness agin you. He has turned from the error of his ways, and now his noble Southern heart is a burnin' to take vengeance on all the enemies of his beloved country, ain't it, Dan? (slapping him on back) Say yes!

*Dan.* Oh, Lord—yes! What Mr. Ropes says is perfectly—perfectly—jes' so!

*Silas.* Your heart is a burnin', ain't it?

*Dan.* Ye—yes—I be durned if it ain't!

*Silas.* You sincerely repent of your past misdeeds in 'sociating with niggers and giving 'em liquor when they couldn't pay fur't, and promise to behave more like a gentleman in the future, don't you, Dan? Say you do, mighty quick, or I'll—

*Dan.* Oh, I repents! I—I be durned if I don't!

*Silas.* (to PENN) And now as to you—your offense in general is bein' a Northern abolitionist. Your offense in particular is, not bein' contented with teachin' the day school, you must run the thing into the gound by settin' up a evenin' school, and offerin' to larn

readin', writin' and 'rithmetic, free gratis, to whosomever wanted to 'tend—which is contrary to the sperit of our institootions, as you have been warned more'n onet. That's charge number two. Charge number three, is that you stand up fur the old rotten Union, and tell folks every chance you git, that secession—that noble right of Southerners—is a villainous scheme that'll ruin the South, if persisted in, and plunge the whole nation into war. Your very words, I believe. Can you deny it?

*Penn.* Certainly not. I have said something very much like that, and it is my honest conviction.

*Silas.* Gentleman, take notice! We will now pass on to charge number four and be brief, for the tar is a coolin'. 'Bout eight days ago, when the afore mentioned Dan Pepperill was in the waller of his degradation, some noble-souled sons of the South hung him up to air in the crotch of a tree and went home to supper, intendin' to come back and finish the purifyin' process later in the evenin'. But what did *you* do, mister school-master, but come along and take him down, prematorly, and go to corruptin' him agin with your vile Northern principles! Didn't he, Dan?

*Dan.* I—I dun know!

*Silas.* Yes, you do know, too! Didn't he corrupt you? Say yes!

*Dan.* Ye—yes!

*Silas.* And if I hadn't took ye in season you'd have returned to the mire; wouldn't you??

*Dan.* I suppose I would, I be durned if I don't!

*Silas.* Wal, now! Hurry up, Dan, and tell us all this Northern agitator said to you that night.

*Dan.* Oh, Lord! My memory is so short!

*Penn.* My friends, let me spare him the pain of bearing witness against me. I recall perfectly well everything I said to him that night—that it was a shame that such outrages as had been committed on him should be tolerated in civilized society. I told him it was partly his own fault that such a state of things existed. That it was owing to the ignorance and degradation of your poor whites, that a barbarous system is allowed to flourish and tyrannize over you.

*Jim.* (*coming toward Penn*) Poor whites, did he say?

*Silas.* Let him go on! let him proceed! What did you mean by "barbarous system?"

*Penn.* I meant the system which makes it a crime to teach a man to read; a punishable offense to befriend the poor and down-trodden; a system—

*Silas.* Wal, I reckon that'll do fur one spell. You've said more'n enough to convict you and to earn a halter 'stead of a mild coat of tar and feathers.

*Penn.* I am well aware that I can expect no mercy at your hands, so I thought I might as well be plain with you.

*Silas.* And plain enough you've been, I sw'ar to gosh! Boys, strip him! (*Jim springs forward*)

*Penn.* (*throwing up hand*) Wait a moment! What I have said has been to free my mind and to save Daniel trouble. Now, allow me to speak a few words in my own defense. I have committed no crime against your laws; if I have, why not let the laws punish me?

*Jim.* We take the laws into our own hands sech times as these. You're an abolitionist, and that is enough!

*Penn.* If I do not believe slavery to be a good thing, it is not my



fault. But one thing I will declare—I have never interfered with your institutions in any way at all dangerous to you, or injurious to your slaves. I have not made them discontented; but have counseled them to be patient and faithful to their masters. I came among you, a peaceable man, to teach school, and I have tried to do good, and harm no one. With this motive, I opened an evening school for poor whites. How many men here have an education? How many can read and write! Not many, I am sure.

*Silas.* What's the odds so long as they're men of the true sperit? I can read for one; and as for the rest, what good would it do 'em to be edecated? 'Twould only make 'em jes' sech low, sneakin', thievin' white slaves like the greasy mechanics at the North.

*Penn.* The white slaves are not at the North. Education makes free men. If you, who threaten me with violence to-night, had the common school education of the North, you would not be engaged in such business; you would be ashamed of assaulting a peaceable man on account of his opinions; you would—

*Jim.* We have hearn enough! (*runs at PENN, with broom-stick raised to strike*) Down with him! Strip him!

(*PENN runs out L., followed by JIM*)

*Silas.* (*snatching up bed*) Hang him! Dan Pepperill, be a bringin' that kittle, and be mighty quick, or I'll—

*Dan.* (*taking kettle*) I—I will! I'm comin'! (*exit, SILAS, L.*) I hate this kind of business! I be durned if I don't! (*exit, L.*)

*Enter, MR. STACKRIDGE and CARL, R.*

*Mr. Stackridge.* Now, where's your tar-and-feathering party? See here, Dutchey, you hain't been foolin', have you?

*Carl.* I vish it vas notting but fooling. Ve haf come too late—the villains haf taken him oil!

*Mr. S.* (*picking up feathers*) Feathers! feathers! Carl, you are right! Now, which way have they gone? That's the question.

*Carl.* Hark! (*looking off L.*) Vats dot! I see a man coming dis vay!

*Enter, DAN, L.*

—(*to STACKRIDGE*) Dot's von of dose willians!

*Mr. S.* Dan Pepperill, you scoundrel! What have you been doing to the school-master? Answer me this minute or I'll—

*Dan.* Oh, don't! don't! I'll answer—I'll tell everything—only give me a chance!

*Mr. S.* Be quick, then, and tell no lies.

*Dan.* (*knees shaking*) I ain't to blame—I'll tell ye that to begin with. I've been jest kicked about from pillar to post and from post to pillar, till I don't know who's my friends and who ain't. I reckon more ain't than is.

*Mr. S.* That's neither here nor there! Where is Hapgood? That's what I want to know.

*Dan.* As the school-master has allus used me well, I don't mind tellin' ye, and mebbe if ye hurry up, you can help him out of a bad scrape. Silas Ropes and Jim Gad has got him down thar in the holler (*points off L.*) and are smearin' on the tar, and—

*Mr. S.* The scoundrels! How dare they treat a peaceable man in such an outrageous manner? We must go to his assistantee at once. Come, Dan Pepperill, lead the way!

*Dan.* (*trembling*) I—I would like to; but they'll kill—

*Carl.* (*taking hold of DAN*) Brace up, Dan, don'd be a coward! (*presents revolver*) Now, shitep!

*Dan.* Oh, Lord, I'll step! I be durned if I don't!

(*all exit quickly, L.*)

SCENE II—Street.

*Enter, LYSANDER SPROWL, L. GUS BYTHEWOOD, R.—gazing at each other—surprised.*

*Lysander.* Gus Bythewood!

*Gus.* Lysander Sprowl, as sure as I am born! What are you doing back here? Are you not in great danger?

*Lys.* That depends! When Tennessee secedes I shall be safe enough. I am going to have a commission in the Confederate army, and that'll be protection from anything that might happen on account of old scores. I'm going to raise a company in this very place, and let the law touch me if it can.

*Gus.* I declare, Sprowl, you are looking quite like a gentleman. You must have abandoned your old habits.

*Lys.* That's just what I've done, Gus. A gentleman I'm bound to be. I'll tell you, we're going to have the greatest Confederacy ever was!

*Gus.* I am glad to see you so enthusiastic.

*Lys.* Six months from now, you'll see the Yankees groveling at our feet, begging for admission. We'll have Washington and all of the North we want and defy the world. The slave trade will be re-opened; Yankee ships will bring us cargos of splendid niggers; not a man in the South but'll be able to own three or four, they'll be so cheap.

*Gus.* Your reasoning seems plausible, and yet, it is not always good policy, you know, to "count the chickens before they are hatched." Have you seen your wife yet?

*Lys.* I wrote her I was coming. I must have a talk with her to-night. What I want just now—and must have—is a little money, and she's got to raise it for me; and what *she* can't raise, I shall look to some of you wealthy slave-holders to furnish.

*Gus.* Very well! See what you can do, and if you should lack a few dollars in order to carry out your plans successfully, call on me; but remember—you must not betray me to your wife's people.

*Lys.* Never fear about that! (*exit GUS, L.*) It depends a great deal on his willingness to "*shell out*" whether I do or not. (*exit R.*)

SCENE III—Neatly furnished sitting-room in house of the VILLARS.  
*Sofa L.—rocking-chair R.—table C.—two chairs L.*

*Enter, TOBY, C.*

*Toby.* Whar's dat ar boy took hissef to I'd like ter know? I'll c'far away de table, an' he'll lose his supper, if he stays anuder minute! Debble take me if I don't!

*Enter, MR. VILLARS, R.*

*Mr. Villars.* The "debble" will take you sure enough, I'm afraid, Toby, if you appeal to him so often.

*Toby.* Laws, massa, de debble knows I ain't in earnest. He knows better'n to take me at my word, fo' I speaks his name widout no kind ob respec' allus, I does. Here's yer ol' easy cha'r fo' you, massa Villars. Now you jes' make yerse'f comfortable.

*Mr. V. (sitting)* Thank you! Where is Carl to-night, Toby?

*Toby.* Dat ar' de question, massa! Mos' I can say is, he ain't whar he ought to be—a eatin' ob his supper. Chocolate's all a bilin' away to nuffin'! Ketch dis chile tryin' to keep tings hot fo' his supper anuder time! *(aside)* What I eber took dat ar' boy to keep fo' am one ob de mysteries!

*Enter, MISS VILLARS, C.*

*Miss Villars.* Has not Carl come yet?

*Toby.* He hain't come yet, Miss Jinnie, dat ar' a fac'! 'Pears like somefin' happened to dat boy. I nebber knowed him to stay out so when dars any eatin' gwine on—fo' he's a master hand fo' his supper, dat boy am! Laws, I hain't forgot how he laid in de vittles de fust night massa Penn fetched him hyar.

*Mr. V.* My daughter, I suspect that you know more of Carl than we do. Has he gone on some errand of yours?

*Miss V.* I will tell you, father. Carl came to me and said there was some mischief intended toward Penn. This was long before dark. He asked permission to go and see what it was. I said, "Go—but come right back if there is no danger." He went, and I have not seen him since.

*Mr. V. (excitedly)* Is this so? Why didn't you tell me before?

*Miss V.* Because, father, I did not wish to make you anxious; but now, if you will let Toby go—

*Mr. V. (rising)* I'll go myself! My staff, Toby! When I was out I heard voices in the direction of the school-house. I felt then a presentiment that something was happening to Penn. *(Toby gets staff and gives to him)* I can control the mob—I can save him, if it is not too late! *(starts L.)*

*Miss V.* Oh, father! Are you able?

*Mr. V.* Able, child? You shall see how strong I am when our friend is in danger!

*Miss V.* Let me go, then, and guide you.

*Mr. V.* No, daughter; Toby will go with me.

*Toby.* Yer jes' right, I'll go with you! *(starts out L.—jumping back into house)* De debble! De debble hisse'f, massa!

*Mr. V.* The devil, Toby? What do you mean?

*Toby. (rolling up eyes)* Oh, laws bress ye, massa, it's de bery debble! He's come fo' dis niggah dis time sartin, 'cause I—'cause I 'pealed to him as you said, massa! 'Cause I'se got de habit ob speakin' his name widout no kind ob 'spect.

*Mr. V.* You poor old simpleton! There is no fiend except in your own imagination. Come, let's be going!

*Toby. (taking hold of Mr. VILLARS' arm)* No, no, massa! He's dar! he's dar! He'll cotch ole Toby, suah!

*Mr. V.* What did he see, Virginia?

*Miss V. (looking out L.)* I don't know, father; there is certainly somebody or something!

*Toby.* It's what I tole ye! I seed de great coarse ha'r on his speckled legs, an' de wings on his back, an' a right smart bag in his hand to put dis niggah in!

*Miss V.* It might have been Carl.

*Toby.* No, no! Carl don't hab sech legs as dem are! Carl don't hab sech great big large ears as dem are! (*knock at door—TOBY drops on knees*) Oh Lor'! good Lor'! he's knockin' fo' me now!

(*badly frightened*)

*Mr. V.* It's a very gentle rap for the devil. It's some stranger.

*Toby.* (*Jumping up*) No, no, no! I won't say nuffin' an' you tole him I ain't to home. Say I'se c'pared out—let'—gone—you dun'no whar!

*Penn.* (*outside*) Toby!

*Toby.* (*kneeling, with hands raised*) Dat's his voice! Dat are his voice!

*Mr. V.* Get up, you stupid nigger! It's the voice of Penn Hapgood!

*Enter, PENN, with bed-tick wrapped around him, exposing arms covered with feathers.*

*Miss V.* Oh, Penn, is it you? What has happened?

*Penn.* I have been tarred-and-feathered! And I have been shut out of Mrs. Sprowl's house. This is my excuse for coming here. I must go somewhere, you know.

*Mr. V.* And where but here? I feared it might come to this. Terrible times are upon us, and you are only one of the first to suffer. Are you hurt?

*Penn.* I hardly know. I beg of you don't be alarmed or troubled. I hope you will excuse me—I know I am a fearful object to look at, and didn't intend to be seen.

*Miss V.* Do not be sorry that I have seen you. I see in this shameful disguise only the shame of those who have so cruelly treated you. Toby and father will help you.

*Toby.* Come, massa Penn, I'se an ole hand at pickin' geese, I is!

(*exit TOBY and PENN, R.*)

*Mr. V.* Terrible times these! *Terrible times!*

(*exit R., leaning on staff*)

*Miss V.* (*sitting on sofa*) Oh, how I long for the time to come—and I believe it will—when swift and terrible retribution will overtake the perpetrators of this atrocious deed!

*Enter, MR. VILLARS, R.*

—How is he, father, much injured?

*Mr. V.* He has been brutally used; but he is now in good hands. Where is Salina?

*Miss V.* I don't know. I think she must have gone out somewhere.

*Mr. V.* Gone out to-night? That is very strange! She will have to be told that Penn is in the house; but I think the knowledge of the fact ought to go no farther. Now that they have began to persecute him, they will never cease so long as he remains alive within their reach.

*Miss V.* And we must conceal him?

*Mr. V.* Yes, until this storm blows over, or he can be safely got out of the state.

*Miss V.* Hark! I hear footsteps! It must be Salina.

*Mr. V.* (*listens at door L.—then sits R.*) No, it is a man's step. (*VIRGINIA becomes alarmed*) Don't be agitated, my child! Much depends on our calmness and self-possession. If it is a visitor, you must admit him, and appear as hospitable as usual.

(*VIRGINIA goes to door, L.*)

*Enter, GUS BYTHEWOOD, L.*

*Miss V. (bows to him)* Mr. Bythewood, father.

(MR. VILLARS starts to rise)

*Gus. (going over to him)* I entreat you not to rise!

*Mr. V.* When we first heard your footsteps we thought it was my daughter.

*Gus. (bowing to her)* Your daughter is here, Mr. Villars.

*Miss V.* He means my sister; she has gone out and we are feeling somewhat anxious about her.

(hands him chair)

*Gus. (sitting)* Nothing can have happened to her, certainly.

*Mr. V.* I have no very great fears for her safety; yet I have felt some anxiety to know the meaning of the noise I heard in the direction of the school-house an hour ago.

*Gus. (laughing and stroking his mustache)* I don't know, sir. I reckon, however, that the Yankee school-master has been favored with a little demonstration of Southern sentiment.

*Mr. V.* How? Not mobbed?

*Gus.* Call it what you please, sir. I think our people have been aroused at last; and if so, they have probably given him a lesson he will never forget.

*Mr. V.* What do you mean by "our people?"

*Miss V. (sarcastic)* He means the most chivalrous people in the world, among whom the innocent and defenseless are more secure than anywhere else on the globe.

*Gus.* Precisely; but among whom obnoxious persons, dangerous to our institutions, cannot be tolerated. As for this affair, I don't know anything about it. Of course, I would never participate in a demonstration of the kind. I don't say I approve of it, and I don't say I disapprove. These are no ordinary times, Mr. Villars. The South is already plunged into a revolution.

*Mr. V.* Indeed, I fear so!

*Gus.* Fear so? I glory that it is so! We are about to build up the most magnificent empire on which the sun has shone!

*Mr. V.* Cemented with the blood of our own brethren!

*Gus.* There may be a little blood-shed; but not much. The Yankees won't fight; they are not a military people. Their armies will scatter before us, like chaff before the wind. I know you don't think as I do. I respect the lingering attachment you feel for the old Union—it is very natural!

*Mr. V.* You are very tolerant towards me, my young friend. It is because you consider me old, and perhaps a little childish, no doubt; but hear my words—you are going to build up a magnificent empire, founded on slavery; but I tell you, the ruin and desolation of our dear country, will be your empire. And as for the institution you mean to perpetuate and strengthen, it will be crushed to atoms by the war you are bringing upon the nation.

*Gus.* I was well aware of your opinions; it is useless for us to argue the point, and Virginia, I conceive, does not like politics.

*Enter, SALINA, C.*

*Miss V.* Why, Salina, where have you been? We have been wondering what had become of you.

*Salina.* You need never wonder about me. I must go out and walk, even if I don't have time till after dark; but come, supper

has been ready this half hour, and the tea is getting cold.

Mr. V. Oh, yes! (*rising*) I had forgotten all about supper. Mr. Bythewood, will you walk out and have supper with us?

Gus. (*rising*) Thank you; but I am not at all hungry. Do not let me detain you longer. However, I would like to speak a few words with Mrs. Sprowl before I go.

Miss V. Father and I will be waiting for you in the dining-room, Salina. (*exit VIRGINIA and MR. VILLARS, C.*)

Sal. If you please, Mr. Bythewood, call me Salina—I repudiate the name of Sprowl!

Gus. You repudiate the name of Sprowl? (*laughing*) That is good! Isn't Lysander Sprowl your husband?

Sal. Yes, I suppose he is; but he isn't worthy the name of husband. I hate him!

Gus. I expect you have good reasons for saying what you do; but you must not be too hard on Lysander. I believe he is going to redeem himself.

Sal. What makes you think so? Do you know anything of his intentions?

Gus. I do, and I will be plain with you. I know of your meeting him this evening. I suppose he told you all about his plans and what he expected of you. It is about this matter that I desired to speak with you.

Sal. You seem to have a pretty good understanding of each others affairs; and I suppose you refer to the money he wanted me to raise for him? If so, I will say, once and for all—*not a cent!* I am not a rebel, and will not give money to aid in carrying on a war against my own people!

Gus. If that is your decision, I have nothing more to say. It is nothing to me either way, more than I would like to see Lysander succeed, now that he has turned over a new leaf and is trying to do better. (*bowing*) Good evening! (*exit L.*)

Sal. Yes, and I believe if the truth were known, Gus Bythewood would be found at the bottom of all this scheming! (*exit C.*)

*Enter, TOBY and PENN, R.*

Toby. De folks mus' all be gone out! Dar are none ob 'em in hyar. Jes' take dat easy cha'r, massa Penn, an' I'll see whar— (*starts out C.*)

Penn. Toby, as soon as Carl comes, I wish you would send him to widow Sprowl's, after my clothes.

Toby. Bless you, sah, you jes' lef de clo'es alone yet awhile! Wouldn't hab dat a'r widder Sprowl find out you're in dis house, not if you'd gib me—

*Enter, MRS. SNOWL, L*

—(*aside*) De bery ole hag herse'f! Speak de debble's name an' he's allus at de door! (*exit TOBY, C.*)

Mrs. Sprowl. Bless my soul, Mr. Hapgood, you're looking purty well—much better than I expected to see you! I couldn't be easy—old friends so—till I had come over to see how you be!

Penn. Well, I am feeling quite comfortable now; but I have

learned what it is to be driven from a door that should be open to welcome me.

*Mrs. S. (in whimpering tone)* Wal, now, Mr. Hapgood, you mustn't go to being too hard on me fur that; consider that I'm a poor widder, and my life was threatened, and I *had* to do as I did!

*Penn.* Well, well, I certainly forgive you! Be seated.

*Mrs. S. (sitting)* I know 'twas a dreadful thing; but it's some comfort to think it's nothing I'm anyways to blame fur. It's hard enough fur me to lose a boarder, jest at this time—say nothing about a friend that's been jest like one of my own family, and that I've cooked and washed, and ironed fur, as if he was my own son.

*Penn.* I acknowledge you have cooked, washed and ironed for me faithfully.

*Mrs. S.* And I thought—old friends so—maybe you wouldn't mind making me a present of the trifle you've paid over and above what's due for your board, for I'm a poor widder, as you know, and my only son is a wanderer on the face of the earth.

*Penn.* Yes, Mrs. Sprowl, you may consider that yours.

*Mrs. S.* Then there's that old cloak of yours—I believe you partly promised it to me, didn't you?

*Penn.* Yes, yes; you can have the cloak!

*Mrs. S.* And I considered 'twouldn't be no more'n fair that you should pay for the— I don't see how in the world I can afford to lose it, being a poor widder, and live geese feathers at that, and my only son—

*(hides face in apron)*

*Penn.* What am I to pay for?

*Mrs. S.* Fur you know, I never would have parted with it fur any money, and it will take at least ten dollars to replace it—which is hard, being a poor widder; and as strong a linen tick as ever you see, that I made myself and that my blessed husband died on, and helped me pick the geese, with his own hands; and I never thought when I took you to board, that ever *that* bed would be sacrificed by it—for 'twas on your account, you are aware, it was took and done for.

*Penn.* And you think I ought to pay for the bed?

*Mrs. S.* They said I must look to you, and if you don't pay fur it I don't know who will, I'm sure—fur none of them have sot at my board, and dranked of my coffee, and eat of my good corn dodgers, and slept in my best bed—all fur four dollars fitty a week, washing and ironing throwed in, and a poor widder at that!

*Penn. (laughing)* Mrs. Sprowl, have the kindness not to tell any one that I am here, and as soon as I can do so, I will pay you for your excellent feather-bed.

*Mrs. S. (rising)* Thank you—very good in you, I'm sure! And if there is anything else among your things you can spare—

*Penn. (walking back and forth)* I'll see, I'll see! Leave me, now, do!

*Mrs. S.* I didn't intend to stay so long; but you must remember, I'm a poor widder, and my only son—

*(exit, L., with apron to her face)*

*Penn.* The ungrateful old creature!

*Enter, VIRGINIA, C*

—I am glad you have come, Virginia. I feel that I have been dis-

graced (*taking her hands*) and did not know if you would ever care to see me again!

*Miss V.* In the eyes of loyal people, Mr. Hapgood, you have been *exalted*, rather than disgraced! But do not let us dwell longer on this unpleasant affair. I know you must be tired and hungry. I have prepared some battered toast and some chocolate, which is now ready for you in the dining-room. We can talk while you are eating.

*Penn.* You are very thoughtful of me, Virginia; I hope to be able some day, to repay you for all this kindness.

(*exit, VIRGINIA and PENN, C.*)

*Enter, SILAS and JIM, L.*

*Silas.* Don't seem to be any one 'bout jest now. No matter, we'll jest make ourselves to home till some one comes in. Meantime, Jim, if you'll set here by me, I'll tell you what you wanted to know. (*they sit close together, C.—SILAS takes chew of tobacco, hands to JIM*) What I'm goin' to say is in perfect confidence, between friends.

*Jim.* (*chewing*) Oh, of couse—in perfect confidence!

*Silas.* Wal, then, I'll tell you whar the money fur our job comes from. It comes from Gus Bythewood!

*Jim.* (*surprised*) Sho!

*Silas.* (*looking wise at him*) Fact!

*Jim.* But what's he so dead set ag'in' the master fur?

*Silas.* I'll tell you, Jim! (*putting finger on JIM's knee*) Fur as I kin jedge, Gus has a sneakin' notion after Villars' youngest gal, Virginny, you know!

*Jim.* (*chuckling*) Don't blame him!

*Silas.* But, you see, thar's that Hapgood! He's a great favorite with the Villars, and Gus naturally wants to git him out of the way. It won't do, though, for him to have it known he has anything to do with our operations. He pays us, and backs up with plenty of cash, if we get into trouble; but he keeps dark, you understand?

*Jim.* Oh, sartin, sartin!

*Enter, MR. VILLARS, C.*

*Mr. V.* My friends! (*they quickly rise*) Keep your seats, gentlemen, keep your seats!

*Silas.* No time fur sittin', Mr. Villars, we've come on business! Sorry to trouble you with it, sir, but it's jest this! We understand you're harboring a Yankee abolitionist, and we've called to remind you that sech things can't be allowed in a well-regulated community.

*Mr. V.* (*with firmness*) My friends, I am an old man! I am a native of Virginia, and a citizen of Tennessee, and all my life long I have been accustomed to regard the laws of hospitality as sacred.

*Silas.* My sentiments exactly! I won't hear a word said ag'in' Southern horsepitality, or Southern perliteness! (*spits on floor*) Horsepitality I look upon as one of the stable institootions of our country.

*Mr. V.* No doubt it is so!

*Silas.* That's one thing, but harboring an abolitionist is another!



That's the question we've jest took the liberty to call and have a little quiet talk about to-night.

*Mr. V.* My friends, we men of the South are rather boastful of our hospitality; but true hospitality consists in something besides eating and drinking with those whose companionship is a sufficient recompense for all that we do for them. It clothes the naked, feeds the hungry, shelters the distressed. With the Arabs, even an enemy is sacred, who happens to be a guest. Shall an old Virginian think less of the honor of his house, than an Arab?

*Jim.* That'll do very well to talk, Mr. Villars; but come to the pint. You've got a Yankee abolitionist in your house—that you won't deny!

*Mr. V.* I have in my house a person whose life is in danger, if not protected. He came to us in a condition which, I should have thought, would excite pity in the hardest heart. Whether or not he is a Yankee abolitionist, I never enquired. He is well known in this community, where he has never been guilty of a wrong toward any one.

*Silas.* Can't help that! you must git rid of him! I'm a talking fur your own good as much as anybody's, Mr. Villars. You're a man we all respect; but already you've made yourself an object of suspicion, by standing up fur the old rotten Union!

*Mr. V.* When I can no longer befriend my guests, or stand up for my country, then I shall have lived long enough!

*Sim.* The old Union is played out; it has become corrupted.

*Mr. V.* How corrupted, my friend?

*Jim.* By the internal anti-slavery men!

*Mr. V.* You forget that Washington, Jefferson, and indeed, all the wisest and best men who assisted to frame the government under which we have been so prospered, were anti-slavery men.

*Silas.* I see you're not only a Unionist, but more'n half a Yankee abolitionist yourself!

*Enter, VIRGINIA, quietly. c.*

—We didn't come here to listen to any such incendiary talk. (*going toward Mr. VILLARS, with arm raised*) Kick out the school-master, if you wouldn't git into trouble—I warn you!

*Miss V.* (*springing forward*) Spare him! spare him! He can not turn a peaceable man out of his house, you know he can not!

*Silas.* You're particularly interested in the young man, hey?

*Miss V.* I am interested that no harm comes either to my father or to his guests! Go, and leave us, I implore you!

*Silas.* We'll give the Yankee jest three days to quit the country. Only three days! He'd better be dead than found here at the end of that time! (*exit, SILAS and JIM, L.*)

*Miss V.* Oh, father, what can we do?

*Enter, CARL, c.*

*Carl.* Come in, Dan, und shpoke to Mister Villars. Tole him vot you hear 'em say!

*Enter, DAN, c.*

*Dan.* (*excitedly*) They mean to kill him! They told you they'd give him three days; but they won't! They may be back this very

night, for they'll git drunk, and nothin' will stop 'em then!

*Mr. V.* Is this true, Mr. Pepperill?

*Dan.* Yes, I be durned if it ain't!

*Mr. V.* What do you think we ought to do, Mr. Pepperill?

*Dan.* The school-master has done me a good turn, and I'll do him one, if I swing for it! Git him out before they suspect what you're at, and I'll take him to my house and hide him—I be durned if I don't!

*Mr. V.* It is a kind offer, and I thank you; but how can I resolve to send a guest from my house in this way? Not to save my own life would I do it!

*Miss V.* But to save his, father!

*Mr. V.* It is only of him I am thinking, my child

*Enter, TOBY, C., with eyes rolled upward—hands raised.*

*Miss V.* What's the matter, Toby?

*Mr. V.* Penn—has anything happened to Penn?

*Toby.* (*dropping on knees*) Oh, debble! debble! Lor' bress us?

*Miss V.* Dead?

*Toby.* Gone, missis, gone!

#### END OF ACT I.

#### CURTAIN.

#### ACT II.

##### SCENE I—Wood Scene.

*PENN discovered with hands tied behind him, standing on stool—rope dangles near head—SILAS, JIM, and several soldiers near.*

*Silas.* Fel'er citizens and soldiers! This man here has jest been proved to be a traitor and a spy, and he's about to expatiate his guilt on the gallus. (*to PENN*) If you've got any confession to make befor the stool is jerked out from under you, you can ease your mind. Only lem me suggest, if you don't mean to confess, you'd better hold your tongue.

*Penn.* I can't confess, for I'm not guilty. I die, an innocent man. I appeal to Heaven, before whose bar we must all appear, for the justice you deny me

*Enter, CARL, L.*

*Carl.* Hold on der! Let him go, und you may hung me in his place! (*they all laugh*)

*Penn.* God bless you, dear Carl! Remember that I loved you; he always honest and upright. Good bye, dear Carl! Bear my far well to those we love. Don't stay to see me die, I entreat you!

*Silas.* We must hurry up this business! Jim, tie a handkerchief over his eyes, and slip that noose round his neck, and let's git through with it some time to-day!

*Jim.* (*puts rope and handkerchief on*) All right, captain!

*Silas.* Make ready now, boys! Take away that stool in a hurry,

when I give the word!

(soldiers take hold of stool)

Enter, LYSANDER, L.

*Lys.* Hold on, there! What's going on?

*Silas.* Colonel, this feller has jest been tried, and found guilty or bein' a traitor and a spy, and he's about to expatiate his guilt on the gallus!

*Lys.* Hanging is too good for such scoundrels! (*walks back and forth, frowning at the prisoner*) His life shall be spared on one condition; but let him take his choice—either to hang, or enlist. What do you say, youngster? Which do you prefer—the death of a traitor, or the glorious career of a soldier in the Confederate army?

*Penn.* It is impossible for me, sir, to bear arms against my country!

*Lys.* But the Confederate states shall be your country, and a country to be proud of!

*Penn.* I am a citizen of the United States! To the United States I owe allegiance; so far from being a traitor, I am willing to die, rather than appear one!

*Lys.* Then you won't enlist?

*Penn.* No, sir!

*Lys.* Not even to save your life?

*Penn.* Not even to save my life!

*Lys.* (*turning away*) Then, if you will be such a fool, I've nothing more to say.

*Carl.* (*throwing himself before LYSANDER*) Oh, Colonel Sprowl! Hear me—von vord!

*Lys.* "Von vord!" (*laughing*) What's that, you Dutchman?

*Carl.* You vill let him go, und I shall volunteer in his place!

*Lys.* You! You offer yourself as a substitute, eh—if I will spare his life?

*Penn.* Carl, I forbid you! You shall not enlist! Better a thousand times that I should die, than that you should be a rebel, in arms against your country!

*Carl.* I haf no country! I am vot dis man says—a Tuchman! I vill enlist mit him, and he vill shpare your life.

*Lys.* Boys, it's a bargain! Cut that fellow's cords, captain, and let him go. Come along with me, Dutchy!

(*exit, LYSANDER with CARL, L.*)

*Silas.* Here, Jim, take off that noose and handkerchief! (*SILAS cuts cords from PENN's hands—to PENN*) Now, don't let another night find you within twenty miles of that halter there, if you wouldn't have your neck in it again. (*JIM cuts the rope down*)

*Penn.* Will you give me a safe conduct?

*Silas.* I've no authority—you must take care of yourself!

(*exit, SILAS, JIM, and soldiers, L.*)

*Penn.* (*putting on coat*) I am undecided what is best to do. If I stay here, they will undoubtedly hunt me down, and—(*looking L.*) They are returning—I must try to escape! (*looks quickly about*) I will hide here behind this rock. (*hides behind rock, up R.*)

Enter, LYSANDER and GUS, L.

*Lys.* The Yankee has given us the slip; he has gone.

*Gus.* It is my opinion you did a bad job in not "doing him up"

when you had a chance.

(*sitting on stool*)

*Lys.* I wa'n't aware of your sentiments, Mr. Bythewood, or I wouldn't have let him off for fifty substitutes. (*sitting on stump*) But if he gets out of the state, and never shows himself here again, you ought to be satisfied. If he stays here, or comes back, then we'll just finish the little job. Where are you bound?

*Gus.* Oh, a little pleasure trip! There's to be some lively work at home this evening, and I thought I'd better be away.

*Lys.* What's going on?

*Gus.* Captain Ropes is going to make some arrests; about fifteen or twenty Union shriekers will find themselves snapped up before they think of it.

*Lys.* Has the captain orders to make the arrests?

*Gus.* No; but he takes the responsibility. It's a military necessity, and the government will bear him out in it. Every man that has been known to drill in the Union clubs, and has refused to deliver up his arms, must be secured. There's no other way of putting down these dangerous fellows.

*Lys.* But why do you prefer to be away, when the fun is going on?

*Gus.* There may be somebody's name on the list in whose behalf I might be expected to intercede.

*Lys.* Not old Villars?

*Gus.* Yes, old Villars! (*laughing*) if by that lively epithet you mean to designate your venerable father-in-law. Ain't it almost too bad? What will folks say? Little care I! Old as he is, he is really one of the most dangerous enemies to our cause, and he never misses an opportunity to denounce secession. That he openly talks treason and harbors and encourages traitors, is cause sufficient for arresting him with the others.

*Lys.* Really, 'twill be better for our plans to have him out of the way.

*Gus.* Yes, the girls will need protectors, and your wife will welcome you back again.

*Lys.* And Virginia will perhaps look a little more favorably on a rich, handsome, influential fellow like you. I see! I see! The old man won't live long in jail.

*Gus.* Very well; if the girls come to terms, why, we will secure their everlasting gratitude by helping him out. If they won't, we will merely promise to do everything we can for him—and do nothing.

*Lys.* And the property?

*Gus.* You shall have what you can get of it—I don't care for the property. I believe the old man, foreseeing these troubles, has been converting his available means into Ohio railroad stock. If so, there won't be much for you to lay hold of, until we have whipped the North.

*Lys.* That we'll do fast enough!

*Gus.* (*rising*) Well, I must be going!

*Lys.* And I must be looking for that miserable school-master.

(*both exit, L.*)

*Penn.* (*coming from behind rock*) Shall I abandon my friends—forsake Virginia and her father, when the toils of villainy are tightening around them? No! With God's aid, I will save them, or die in the attempt!

(*starts L.*)

*Enter, VIRGINIA, L.*

—Virginia! (*extending hands*) What has happened?

Miss V. (*bowing head upon his arm*) Oh, my father!

Penn. Where is he?

Miss V. They have taken him—the soldiers!

Penn. Then I am too late!

Miss V. You could have done no good, even if you had been there. There is but one man who could have prevented this cruelty.

Penn. Why not see him? Perhaps there can be something done for him yet.

Miss V. Alas, he left town this very day. He is a secessionist; but he has great influence, and appears very friendly to us.

Penn. (*looking at her keenly*) His name?

Miss V. Augustus Bythewood! (*PENN recoils*) What's the matter?

Penn. Virginia, that man is your worst enemy. I have not told you how I learned that the arrests were to be made; but I will. Only a few minutes ago, while hiding behind that rock—in order to escape from my would-be murderers—I overheard Bythewood tell Lysander Sprowl, that to-night fifteen or twenty Union men would be arrested. Your father was named as one of the number.

Miss V. If he is an enemy, what hope is there? Oh, my father!

Penn. Do not despair—something may be done! I will go and see if I can learn anything of him. Have faith in our Heavenly Father. My poor girl, be patient! be strong! All, I am sure, will yet be well.

Miss V. But you too are in danger. You must not be seen talking with me here.

Penn. True, true! I will go. I have a great deal more to tell you, which is very important that you should know. After I have learned of your father's whereabouts, I will bring you word, and tell you all. Be of good cheer, my dear girl!

(*kisses her—exit, PENN L., VIRGINIA R.*)

SCENE II—Interior of guard-house.

*Enter, MR. VILLARS and MR. STACKRIDGE, L.*

Mr. V. (*sitting on stool*) Well, Mr. Stackridge, what do you think of the situation?

Mr. S. We seem to be at the mercy of the villains. However, this place does not look altogether unnatural to me. If I mistake not, I have been in this room before. If this is the place I think it is, just to the right of here, is where our club has been meeting to drill; it can't do any harm for me to investigate. (*exit, R.*)

Mr. V. What good will it do us, if we should succeed in getting out of here? We would soon be overtaken, and brought back. Ah, these are perilous times!

*Enter, PENN, L.*

Penn. My dear Mr. Villars, I have found you at last

Mr. V. (*surprised*) Ah, Penn, is it you? (*shakes hands*)

Penn. I cannot tell you how grieved I am to see you here.

Mr. V. And grieved am I that *you* should see me here! I hoped you were a hundred miles away; I never was sorry to have your company until now. How does it happen?

Penn. I came in with a crowd of soldiers and prisoners, none of whom recognized me. The sentinels, no doubt, supposed I was arrested, and so let me pass.

Mr. V. It is very singular; it seems almost providential that you are here.

Penn. I think it is so. I think I am here because I may be of service to you. I supposed I would find Mr. Stackridge here, too. Did they not bring him along with you?

*Enter, MR. STACKRIDGE, R.*

Mr. S. Well, well—if it isn't the school-master himself! How does it happen that you are here, Mr. Hapgood? We had supposed that you were out of the state by this time.

Penn. Could I forsake my friends, who have done so much for me? No, never! I came here, Mr. Stackridge, that I may be of service to you and Mr. Villars. It is more my good luck, that I got in here without being discovered and searched, rather than to any shrewdness of mine. I have brought two revolvers. (*gives one to MR. STACKRIDGE*) If we can escape in no other way, then we must shoot our way out of here!

Mr. S. I thought you would come to it finally; but we will have very little shooting to do.

Penn. You must remember, there is a strong guard posted outside.

Mr. S. We will have as little to do with them as possible. Gentlemen, I have a secret for you. (*to PENN*) Do you know whose property this is?

Penn. Barber Jim's, I believe.

Mr. S. And there is a secret passage from this place into the cellar under Jim's shop, where our club met for drill?

Mr. V. (*surprised*) Is it possible?

Mr. S. True, Mr. Villars! It was dug by Jim himself, as a hiding place for his wife and children. He had bought them of their owner; but the heirs had set up claim to them. After the matter was settled, he showed me the place; and that's the way we came to make use of it. As good luck would have it, the night before the military took possession, Jim warned us, and we carefully pnt back every stone in the wall, and left. We have only to open the wall again to get out.

Penn. Was the secret known to many?

Mr. S. To all the club, and one besides—and I expect I made a mistake in taking that one to the place.

Penn. How?

Mr. S. We were drilling there the night when Dutch Carl came to tell us you were in danger. I thought then the boy could be trusted; so I took him in there—and Carl is now, a rebel volunteer.

Penn. With him your secret is safe.

*Enter, CARL, L., wearing Confederate uniform—carries musket.*

—Ah, Carl, I am glad to see you again; but I can't forget that you

are a rebel! You disobeyed me, Carl. I told you not to enlist; you did wrong.

*Carl.* Now shust listen, und I vill tell you. I did right—'cause vhy, you vas alive und vell now, don'd you?

*Penn.* (*smiling*) Yes; I will admit that.

*Carl.* Und dot ish petter as being hung?

*Penn.* I am not so very certain of that, Carl.

*Carl.* Vell, I vas certain for you; hanging ish no goot. Von hunder of velles vat don'd like dose rebels no more as you do, volunteers rather as to pe hung.

*Penn.* But you have taken an oath—you are under a solemn engagement, Carl, to fight against the government.

*Carl.* You mishtook once more—two dimes. I make a pargin—I say to dot man, you lef mishter Hapgood go free, und not let him pe hurt, und I vill pe a rebel. Vel, he agrees; but he don'd keep his vord. He let's 'em go for to hung you von more time. Now, if he preaks his part of dot pargin, vhy shouldn't I preak mine?

*Penn.* Well, Carl, I trust your conscience is clear in the matter. I can only say, that, though I don't approve of you being a rebel, I love you all the better for it. What do you think, Mr. Villars?

*Mr. V.* Sometimes people do wrong from a motive so pure and disinterested, that it sanctifies the action. That is Carl's case, I think.

*Mr. S.* Carl, do you remember the secret passage I took you through, under barber Jim's shop, the night you came for help, when our friend here was in danger?

*Carl.* You vas shust right, I do!

*Mr. S.* Have you told any of the Confederate soldiers about this passage?

*Carl.* Not von vord!

*Mr. S.* It is through this secret pass-way that we are going to make an attempt to escape. Will you stay, or will you go with us?

*Carl.* You vill take me brisoner?

*Mr. S.* If you wish it.

*Carl.* Say you vill plow mine prains ouet, if you say von vord, or make von noise.

*Mr. S.* Come, come! there's no time for fooling!

*Carl.* Dot ish not vooling!

*Mr. S.* (*snatching gun from CARL*) You must go with us; and remember—if you say a word, or make the least noise, I will blow your brains out!

*Carl.* Vel, then, I vill go'long mit you!

*Mr. S.* Let us make haste, before our plans are discovered!

(*exeunt quickly, R.*)

*Enter, quickly, L., SILAS, JIM and DAN.*

*Silas.* What does this mean? Where are the prisoners? We must find where they are!

(*exit SILAS, L.—JIM, R.*)

*Dan.* I'll bet a boss, that Dutch feller has helped them to git away, and, to tell the truth, I'm kinder glad of it—I be durned if I ain't!

*Enter, SILAS and soldiers, L.—JIM, R.—all excited.*

*Jim.* They are gone! They escaped through the cellar, under barber Jim's shop!

*Silas.* We must recapture them at all hazards! (*exeunt, R.*)

SCENE III—House of the VILLARS, same as Scene 111, Act 1.

Enter, TOBY, R.

Toby. I jes' wonder whar dem chaps don took ole massa, anyhow? Dars miss 'Jinny 'bout sick, an'—

Enter, GUS, L.

—Oh, massa Bythewood, dey come an' took ole massa away, an' I 'spect deys gone an' killed him!

Gus. I trust not so bad as that, Toby.

Toby. Yes, sah, I tinks it's dat bad, if not wus—an' de young ladies! Oh, massa Bythewood! you mus' do sumtin' fo' de young ladies an' ole massa!

Gus. (*aside*) By George, I'm in luck this time! (*aloud*) I will see what can be done.

Enter, VIRGINIA, C.

—Will you tell—(*sees VIRGINIA*) My dear Virginia, you cannot conceive of my astonishment and grief, on hearing what has happened to your family! (*exit, TOBY, C*) I have just this hour returned to town, or I should have been here before, to assure you I will do all I can for you. My dear young lady, be comforted; it grieves me to the heart to see how pale and distressed you look.

Miss V. Surely, if ever we needed a true, disinterested friend, it is now. Please be seated. (*sits*) Excuse me a moment—I will call my sister. (*exit, C.*)

Gus. Now is my time! I will ask her hand in marriage this very night. While feeling so forlorn and friendless, she will hardly refuse such a prize.

Enter, TOBY, C.

Toby. Massa Bythewood, miss Jinny recommends dat I say to you, dat in consequence ob her not feelin' jes' 'zackly right 'bout de reg'in ob her heart—kinder sick like, you know—she'd prefer puttin' off gittin' married till some mo' convenient time, when de folks am all to home.

Gus. The devil! Who said anything about getting married? A very likely story indeed! Very well—tell her I will call again! (*aside*) Ah, let her beware! She will find I am not to be trifled with! (*exit, L.*)

Toby. What war dat he said 'bout de debble? Go to talkin' 'bout dat ole—

Enter, SALINA, C.

Sal. Toby, do you know where Virginia has gone.

Toby. She war in de kitchen jes' a few minutes ago, Miss Salina. I 'spect she's gone out in de garden, or to de—

Sal. No, she hasn't; I just now saw her going across the fields, toward the school-house.

Enter, LYSANDER, C.

Lys. (*throwing himself into easy chair*) Well, Sallie, my girl here we are at home! Bring me the foot-jack, Toby!

(*TOBY saunters out C.*)

Sal. I don't know about your being at home!



*Lys.* I suppose Toby has told you the news? Awful news! a fearful dispensation of Providence! Pepperill came in this afternoon and confirmed it. We thought he had deserted; but it appears he had only got lost in the woods. He reports some dead bodies in a ravine, and his account tallies very well with Toby's. We'll wear mourning, of course, Sallie. (*moves close to her*) Come, my dear, we may as well understand each other! I tell you, I'm going to be one of the big men under the new government. Now, Sal, see here! I'm your husband, and there's no getting away from it. Let's settle down, and be respectable! We've had quarrels enough, and I've got tired of them. (*calls*) Toby, why don't you bring that bootjack? Now, what's the use, Sal? Since the way is open for us to live together, why can't you make up your mind to it; let bygones be bygones, and begin over again? When I was a poor devil, dodging the officers, and never daring to see you except in the dark, I couldn't blame you for feeling cross with me. But you're a captain's wife now; you'll be a general's wife by and by. I shall be fighting the battles of my country, and you'll be proud to hear of my exploits.

(*tries to caress her*)

*Sal.* Go away! I am as unhappy as I can be! Oh, if I had never seen you! Why do you come to torment me now?

*Enter, TOBY, c., with bootjack.*

*Lys.* Toby, you devil! Why don't you bring that bootjack?

*Toby.* (*throwing bootjack out of window*) Dar ain't a bootjack nowhars in de house, sah!

*Lys.* Then come here yourself!

*LYSANDER puts up foot—TOBY gets astride—LYSANDER gives him a push with his other foot—boot comes off and TOBY falls headlong on the floor.*

*Toby.* (*getting up*) De debble take de boot! Dat 'bout busted my nose!

*Lys.* Try the other one, and be a little more careful this time.

(*same business—TOBY pitches headlong again*)

*Toby.* De Lor' presarb de fragments! (*getting up*) I'se all busted to pieces dis time, sartin! You don't make no mo' bootjacks out ob dis darkey! Dat's a fac'!

*Lys.* Don't need any more to-night! Now shut up the house and go to bed.

(*puts on slippers—exit TOBY, c.*)

*Lys.* Law, Sallie, we can be as happy as two pigs in clover!

(*puts arm around her*)

*Sal.* Oh, yes; I do think we can be happy, if you will only be kind and good to me—if not here, why, then somewhere else!

*Lys.* Ah, but I have a fancy for this place, and what should we leave it for?

*Sal.* Because—you know, there is no certainty— I believe father is alive yet, and well.

*Lys.* Not unless Toby lied to me—did he?

*Sal.* (*crasively*) Pshaw! You can't place any reliance on what Toby says!

*Lys.* But I tell you, Pepperill confirms his report about the dead bodies in the ravine! Now, what do you know to the contrary?

*Sal.* The truth is, Toby did fool you—he couldn't help bragging to me about it

*Lys.* Oh, Toby, that little fib of yours is destined to cost you and others very dear! (*jumping up*) I'll lick the nigger for lying to me! (*goes to door, c.—calls*) Toby! Toby!

*Sal.* Lysander, what are you going to do with that old man?

*Lys.* I'm going to lick him!

*Enter, TOBY, c.*

*Toby.* What's wantin', sah?

*Lys.* Good old Toby! Now, what you have deserved so long, and what I will proceed to give you, is the worst licking you ever had in your life!

*TOBY drops on knees, rolling up his eyes—LYSANDER snatches up boot—takes hold of TOBY.*

*Sal.* No, you shall not! Let him go!

*Lys.* Not exactly, my lady! I am master in this house, whatever turns up! I am this nigger's master, too!

*Sal.* (*stepping between LYSANDER and TOBY*) You are not—you never were! Toby has his freedom! He shall not be whipped!

*Lys.* (*looking R.*) Hello! what smoke is that?

*Sal.* Oh, Heavens! the house is on fire!

*Lys.* Come, Toby, quick! you black rascal—and help put out the fire! (*exit, LYSANDER and SALINA, R.*)

*Toby.* It was lucky fo' ole Toby, dat some one sot fire to de house jes' when dey did, sartin! (*exit R.*)

*Enter, SILAS and JIM, L.*

*Jim.* They must all have gone to bed!

*Silas.* If there's any of them hidin' about the house, the fire will bring them out, so we might jest as well take things cool.

*They sit—stream of water is thrown in from R. by force pump—strikes SILAS on head.*

*Silas.* (*jumping up, clasping head with both hands*) The devil! What does this mean?

*Jim.* Keep cool, pard! keep cool! It is nothing but a little water!

*Enter, TOBY, R.*

*Toby.* Fo' de Lo'd's sake, come out hyar quick! Massa Sprowl's tumbled head fust into de— Oh, Lor', into de—

*Silas* } Into what?

*Jim.* } Into de—de—

*Toby.* You black devil! out with it!

*Silas.* Into de mud!

END OF ACT II.

QUICK CURTAIN

ACT III.

SCENE I—Street.

*Enter, SILAS and LYSANDER, L.*

*Silas.* Stackridge was in the village last night!

*Lys.* What's that to me?

*Silas.* I'll explain what it is; the feller that has been furnishing us with money—you know who I mean?

*Lys.* Oh, certainly, certainly!

*Silas.* Well, he feels a cussed sight worse now that he believes the gal is in a cave somewhars with the school-master, than he did when he thought she was burnt in the woods. He says Toby must be ketched, and the secret licked out of him. In the meanwhile, he thinks su'thing can be done with Stackridge's family. Stackridge was home last night, and of course his wife will know about the cave. I sw'ar—I wouldn't object to using a little of the same sort of co-ercion on her, you tried with Toby! and Bythewood wouldn't nuther—only, you understand, he mustn't be supposed to know anything about it! Good idee?

*Dys.* Very good! Go yourself, captain, and put it into execution.

*Silas.* There's one objection to that; (*taking chew of tobacco*) I know the old woman so well! How's Jim Gad and that dog of a Pepperill?

*Lys.* Just the chaps! It won't do any harm to give the jade a good dressing down, anyway; even if we don't find out what we want to know. I wish every man, woman and child, that shrieks for the old rotten Union, could be served in the same way.

(*exunt R.*)

SCENE II—Kitchen in the STACKRIDGE house.

*Enter, MRS. SPROWL, L., with basket on arm.*

*Mrs. S. (peering about)* Ain't to hum, none of 'em, hey? House wa'n't locked nuther! I can borrow what I want jest exactly as well as if Mrs. Stackridge was to hum. (*puts pan of meal in basket*) I'll fetch home the pan when I do the meal! (*takes up box*) What's in this box? Coffee! may as well take box and all—bring back box when I do the coffee. Wish I could find some tobacky somewhars—wonder whar they keep their tobacky! The property of these Union shriekers is all goin' to be confiscated, and I reckon I may as well take my share when I can git it! That's a paper of black pepper, and I'll take it jest as 'tis. That's a jar of lump butter—wish I could tote jar and all! (*steps heard out L.*) Oh, dear me! what shall I do? If it should be Mr. Stackridge—but it can't be him! If it's only Mrs. Stackridge, I'll face it out! (*knock at door*) My, it's visitors—who can it be? I'll act jest as if I had a right here anyhow!

*Enter, JIM and DAN, L., each have a musket.*

*Jim.* Are you Mrs. Stackridge?

*Mrs. S.* Ye—ye—yes! What do you want of Mrs. Stackridge?

*Jim. (pointing to basket)* This is the woman; she is gittin' provisions ready to send to her husband in the mountains.

*Dan.* Let's see what there is good to eat. I'm hungry as a hound, I be durned if I ain't!

*Mrs. S.* Have some?

*Jim.* Thank ye!

*Mrs. S.* Oh, take all you want—you're welcome to anything there is in the house, I'm sure! (*aside*) I'm so glad these soldiers have come! Now, whatever is missing will be laid to them.

*Dan.* (*taking JIM to one side*) Jim, do you know who that woman is?

*Jim.* Ain't it Mrs. Stackridge?

*Dan.* No, I be durned if it is!

*Jim.* Who is it, then?

*Dan.* It's widder Sprowl, the captain's mother!

*Jim.* She says she's Mrs. Stackridge, so we'll jest do as the captain said!

*Dan.* He'll kill us, I be durned if he won't!

*Jim.* I'll risk that! (*to Mrs. Sprowl*) Are you Mrs. Stackridge?

*Mrs. S.* Yes; help yourselves—take anything you like!

*Jim.* Where's your husband?

*Mrs. S.* My husband? My poor, dear husband—he has been dead these—

*Jim.* Dead?

*Dan.* That's right—he's dead! I be durned if he ain't!

*Jim.* I am talkin' about Mr. Stackridge. He was here last night: he was seen.

*Mrs. S.* Would you like some cheese?

*Jim.* You bet! This is better as rations. (*Mrs. Sprowl takes up basket—starts to go*) Wait! you must tell us where your husband is?

*Mrs. S.* Oh, dear me, I don't know! I'm a poor lone woman, and where my husband is I can't conceive, I'm sure!

*Jim.* (*taking whip from under coat*) You must tell us where your husband is, or I'll—

(*draws whip*)

*Dan.* Oh, don't! he'll kill us, I—

*Jim.* Shet up!

*Mrs. S.* It's all a mistake! Let me go! I ain't—

*JIM jerks her apron up over her head—gives her a few light cuts—she screams.*

*Enter, LYSANDER, L.*

*Lys.* Well, boys, how are you making it?

*Jim.* (*holding her apron over her head*) She won't tell!

*Lys.* Very well; give her some more! (*JIM strikes her—she screams*) Now, uncover her face—I'll question her my—(*JIM uncovers her face*) Good lucifer! you scoundrels! You have whipped my own mother! (*drawing sword*) I've a good mind to—

*Dan.* (*knees knocking together*) Oh, Lord! ch, Lord! I knowed it would come to this, I be durned if I didn't! (*change quickly to*

*SCENE III—Guard-house, same as Act 2d, Scene 2d.*

*Enter, CARL and TOBY, R.—CARL is handcuffed.*

*Carl.* (*sitting on stool*) Vel, Toby, vat you tink they vill do mit ns?

*Toby.* Dat's what I dunno myse'f! When it comes to lickin'

white women an' 'spectable servants, aren't nobody safe. I'se glad de massa an' miss Jinny's safe up dar in de cave, an' I only wish we war safe dar, too!

*Carl.* Did you bromise to tell them where the cave is?

*Toby.* No, sah! an' more'n dat I neber will.

*Enter, SILAS and JIM, L., with rope.*

*Silas.* (*flourishing whip—to JIM*) String that nigger up.

*Jim.* (*goes to TOBY, who is on his knees*) Git up, you blackascal!

*Toby.* Fo' de Lor's sake, what you gwine to do?

*Carl.* Holt on, sir, if you please, von leetle moment! I haf a vord or two to spheak. I know petter as he does about dot cave; I vos there.

*Silas.* Hey, you offer yourself to be whipped in this nigger's place?

*Carl.* Not very much! I can go mit you or anypody you vill send, and show where the cave is. I remember—but if you vill haf me whipped, I shouldn't pe very much surprised if dot would make me to forget; whipping is very pad for the memory.

*Jim.* You mean to say, if you are licked, then you won't tell?

*Carl.* Dot ish the idea I vished to convey.

*Jim.* We'll see about that! (*ties TOBY's hands*) In the meantime, we'll try what can be got out of this nigger.

*Enter, LYSANDER, L.*

*Lys.* Hold! What are you doing with that nigger?

*Silas.* Colonel, we're goin' to lick him till he tells where that cave is!

*Carl.* I told the shentlemen dot I know petter as he does about the cave—I vas there! I can go mit you, or anypody you vill send, and show vhar dot cave ish.

*Lys.* Will you promise to show me the cave?

*Carl.* I vill!

*Lys.* Why, then, captain, that's all we want, and I order this nigger to be set free!

*Toby.* Oh, tank you, massa Sprowl, tank you!

(*JIM releases TOBY*)

*Lys.* Now, make for home as fast as your legs will carry you. Tell Sallie to have supper ready by five; I will be there promptly at that time.

*Toby.* All right, sah! I'll see dat supper is ready. (*exit L.*)

*Lys.* Captain, have at least a dozen of your best drilled men ready to start for the mountains promptly at six o'clock. Also inform Gas Bythewood of our plans; perhaps he would like to accompany us, to witness the sport of capturing the fugitives.

*Silas.* All right, colonel; your orders shall be promptly obeyed.

(*exit, SILAS and JIM, L.*)

*Lys.* (*to CARL*) Your name is Carl, I believe?

*Carl.* Yah, I sushpect dot vas true.

*Lys.* Carl what?

*Carl.* Minneviech.

*Lys.* Minny-fish? That's a scaly name, and they say you are a scaly fellow. What have you got those bracelets on for?

*Carl.* Dot ish vat I should pe very much glad to find ouet.

*Lys.* You are the fellow that enlisted to save the school-master's neck, ain't you?

*Carl.* Yah, I shuppose dot ish true, too!

*Lys.* Suppose—don't you know?

*Carl.* I thought I knowed, for you told me so; but as they vas hunting for him afterwards to hang him, I vas convinced I vas mistaken.

*Lys.* And so you deserted?

*Carl.* Dot ish not quite so true.

*Lys.* What—you deny the fact?

*Carl.* I peg your pardon, it ish not a fact! I vas taken prisoner.

*Lys.* And do you maintain that you did not go willingly?

*Carl.* I don'd know shust vat you mean by villingly. When von of dose fellers puts his muzzle to mine head und says, "you come mit us, und make no noise or I plow ouet your prains," I vas pre-vailed upon to go. I vas more villing to go as I vas to haf mine prains spill! It dot is vat you mean by villing—I vas villing.

*Lys.* You promised to conduct me to the cave, did you not?

*Carl.* I pelieve I did make you some bromise.

*Lys.* Very well, I will give you a chance to earn your freedom. (*takes off CARL's handcuff—throws them out R.*) I am willing to trust you; but remember, if I find you are deceiving me, I will shoot you on the spot. Do you understand that? *I will shoot you on the spot!*

*Carl.* I vas never shot, but I sushpect I know vat shooting is.

*Lys.* Are you ready to go?

*Carl.* Right away?

*Lys.* Yes, at once!

*Carl.* I vill pe ready when I gets some dings I left in there.

*Lys.* Get them, and be quick about it. (*exit, CARL R.—returns immediately with a small bundle*) Now, let's be off at once! (*exit L*)

SCENE IV—Near the entrance of a cave in the mountains—cave R.

*Enter, VIRGINIA and PENN from cave.*

*Miss V.* Oh, how delicious it is out here!

*Penn.* It is delicious. (*leads her to seat on rude bench, L.*)

*Miss V.* I am always glad to get out of that prison.

*Penn.* Why, don't you like the place, Virginia?

*Miss V.* The air of the cave is so cold. The cave seems to me like the great chill hearts of some of your profound philosophers—some of those tremendous books father makes me read to him, came out of such hearts, I am sure; great hollow caverns, full of mystery and darkness, and so cold and dull they make me shudder to touch them.

*Penn.* What kind of books do you like, Virginia?

*Miss V.* Oh, I like books with daylight in them. I want them to be living, joyous books; they must be sunshine, and birds, and brooks—human nature, life, suffering and—

*Penn.* And love?

*Miss V.* Of course, there should be a little love in books, since there is sometimes a little, I believe, in real life. How long do you imagine we shall have to stay here?

*Penn.* It is impossible to say. One would think that the government cannot leave us much longer subject to this atrocious tyranny;

but there is no telling how long it will be before Tennessee is relieved.

*Miss V.* What is going to become of us, if relief doesn't arrive soon? Oh, look at the beautiful world we are driven from by these wicked, wicked men!

*Penn.* And are you so very weary of the cave?

*Miss V.* I wish I could get out into the sunshine again; but I have not been unhappy. Indeed, I think I have been very happy.

*Mr. V. (in cave)* Virginia, my child!

*Miss V.* Father is calling; (*rising*) I must go and see what he wants.

*Penn. (going with her to entrance of cave)* It is time Mr. Stackridge was coming back; and as I am anxious to know if he has heard anything from Washington. I guess I will go down in the ravine to meet him.

*Miss V.* Do not stay long; we will be lonely here without you.

*Penn.* I will be gone but a few minutes.

(*exit, PENN, L.—VIRGINIA into cave*)

*Enter, TOBY and SALINA, R.*

*Toby.* Now, you jes' sot yourse'f on dat rock dar, while I makes a reekon-oyster.

*Sal. (pointing L.)* Toby, there is somebody! Don't you see—by those shrubs.

*Toby. (going L.—looks off)* Dar ain't nobody dar!

*Sal.* Yes, there is! I saw a man jump up—he is bending over something now, trying to lift it. It must be Penn, or some of his friends; go softly and see.

*Toby. (stepping lightly to L.)* I—I'se mos' afear'd to! but dar's somebody—sure—(*calls*) Who's dar?

*Carl. (outside)* Be quiet—come here!

*Toby.* What—Carl? Carl! dat you? What you doin' dar? Massy sakes! (*exit L.*)

*Enter, CARL and TOBY, L., carrying LYSANDER.*

*Carl.* I've got a brisoner.

*Toby. (laying LYSANDER down L.)* Dead—oh, de debble!

*Carl.* I've knocked him on the head a leetle; but he isn't dead.

*Toby. (softly)* Dat Sprowl!

*Carl. (softly)* He von't hurt you. Toby, who ish dot voman?

*Toby.* Dat am Miss Salina!

*Carl.* Vimmen scream sometimes—tell her she ish not to scream. You get her handkershif, und don'd tell her it ish Sprowl.

*Toby. (goes over to her)* Miss Salina!

*Sal. (excitedly)* Who—what is it?

*Toby.* Our Carl, don't you know? He's got one ob dem seecsh he's knocked on de head.

*Sal.* Has he killed him?

*Toby.* Part killed him an' part took him prisoner—'bout six ob one an' half a dozen ob tudder. He says you's 'spectfully 'quested not to scream; an' he wants your hank'cher.

*Sal. (giving handkerchief)* What does he want of it?

*Toby.* Dat he best know hisse'f; but if my 'pinion am axed, I should say, to wipe de fellah's nose wid.

(*takes handkerchief to CARL*)

Carl. (*spreading hiskerchief over SPROWL's face*) That prevents her seeing him.

Toby. Who eber knowed you's such a powerful smart chile?

*Enter, VIRGINIA and Mr. VILLARS from cave.*

Miss V. Oh, Salina, I am so glad you have come! Here you will be safe.

Mr. V. Who is with you, my daughter?

Sal. Toby and Carl!

Carl. (*coming forward*) Where ish mishter Hapgood?

Miss V. He has gone down in the ravine to meet Mr. Stackridge; he will be back in a few minutes.

Carl. In dot ravine? Dot's where Ropes und the soldiers haf gone.

Miss V. What soldiers? (*points to LYSANDER*) Who is this?

Carl. This ish their gallant captain. I am very sorry, ladies, but I have given him a leetle nose bleed. (*takes off handkerchief—hands to SALINA*) Your handkershif, ma'am, und very much obliged.

Sal. (*goes L.—starts back*) Lysander!

Lys. (*trying to get up*) Sal, is that you? Where am I, anyhow? (*sees CARL*) Carl, what's this?

Carl. Don'd be wiolent, (*laying him down*) und I vill told you. I vas your brisoner, und I vas showing yon the cave. Vel, dere ish dot cave; (*pointing to cave*) but dings ish a leetle inverted—you vas mine brisoner.

Lys. Is that so?

Carl. Yah, very much so!

Lys. Didn't somebody knock me on the head?

Carl. I shouldn't pe vastly surprised if somepody *did* knock you on the head.

Lys. Was it you?

Carl. I rather sushpect it vas me.

Lys. (*raising up—feeling for revolver*) I'll be revenged!

Carl. Very goot—we vill discuss dot question of wengeance, if you likes! (*draws revolver—LYSANDER dodges*) Vat for you dodge?

*SALINA becomes faint—VIRGINIA leads her into cave*

Lys. (*feeling for sword*) Villain!

Carl. Did somepody say somepody is a willain? I shouldn't pe very much surprised if dot vas so! Willains nowadays is cheap—I haf known a great variety since seecesh times pegan; but as for your barticular case, sir, I peg to give some advice. Do you remember how you put pracelets on me, ven I vas *your* brisoner? Vel, I make von great mishtook, und put them very same pracelets in my pocket ven you took me to show yon the cave. I vill villingly lend the pracelets to you. (*guts handcuffs on LYSANDER—taking rope from pocket*) Now, Toby, you shust help a leetle, und ve vill tie the shentleman mit rope. (*they tie his hands tight to his body*) Dot vill do! Now, Mr. Willars, if you haf no objections, ve'll took the shentleman into dot cave.

Mr. V. All right, Carl, bring him along; we will make room for him. (*exit, Mr. VILLARS into cave*)

Lys. My head! my head! My skull is fractured. Toby, can't you loosen the rope a little?

Toby. Bery sorry, deed, sah; but I can't unloosen de rope fo' you. (*exit, CARL and TOBY with LYSANDER into cave*)



*Enter, VIRGINIA, from cave.*

*Miss V. (going L.)* Oh, I do wish Penn would come! Carl said something about the soldiers being in the ravine. I am afraid something has happened to—

*Enter, GUS, R.*

*Gus.* Ah, I have found you at last, Miss Villars!

*Miss V.* Gus Bythewood! How came you here? Leave me at once—I do not wish to speak to you!

*Gus.* Hear me, Miss Villars! If I have done anything wrong, I beg your pardon! If I have committed a fault, it has been for the love of you? Such faults surely may be pardoned. Virginia, will you accept my life as an atonement for all I have done amiss? You shall bear my name, possess my wealth, and enjoy all there is in a life of luxury and ease. I will take you to France, Italy, Switzerland—wherever you wish to go. Nor do I forget your father; whatever you ask for him shall be granted.

*Miss V.* Well, what more?

*Gus.* What more? Ah, you are thinking of your friends—I should say, your friend. It is natural. I have no ill will against him. Whatever you ask for him, shall be granted.

*Miss V.* Well, and if I reject your generous offer?

*Gus.* Ah, refuse me and see! Your future is entirely in your own hands, Miss Villars. On the one side, what I have promised; on the other—

*Miss V.* On the other, the fate of a friendless, fatherless, Union-loving woman, in this chivalrous South. I know what awaits me on that side, and I accept it. My friend can die; my father can die; and I can! All this I accept—you and your others I reject. I would not be your wife to save the world! I detest you—you have my answer!

*Gus.* I hoped your decision would be different; but it is spoken! *(speaking slowly)* Prepare to meet thy doom! *(exit R.)*

*Miss V.* Oh, my God! What shall we do? I must find Penn, and warn him of the danger we are in. *(exit L.)*

*Enter, SALINA and LYSANDER from cave.*

*Lys.* Sal, are you pleased to see me in this condition?

*Sal.* I'd rather see you dead! If I were you, I'd kill myself!

*Lys.* Give me a knife, free my hands, and you won't have to repeat your advice. I have one in my pocket, but can't get to it.

*Sal.* A colonel in the Confederate army, outwitted and taken prisoner by a boy! This, then, is the military glory you bragged of—and I was going to be so proud of being your wife! Well, I am proud!

*Lys.* Patience will happen, you know—once out of this scrape, you'll see what I will do! Come, Sal, now be good to me.

*Sal.* Good to you! I've tried that, and what did I get for it?

*Lys.* I own I've given you good cause to hate me. I'm sorry for it. Hate me if you will—I deserve it; but you don't want to see me eternally disgraced, I know. This cursed rope! *(business)* I wouldn't mind the handcuffs, if the rope was away. Take the knife from my pocket, Sallie, do! and give the rope just a touch with it.

*Sal.* *(takes knife from his pocket—drops it at his feet)* Remember, if you betray me—death shall be your doom!

*(she exits into cave—LYSANDER sits on ground—cuts rope)*

## PENN HAPGOOD.

*Enter, TOBY from cave*

*Toby.* Right glad to see you convanescant, sah.

*Lys.* Toby, I wish you would put on my cap.

*Toby.* Wid all de pleasure in de world, sah!

*TOBY stoops to get cap—LYSANDER jumps up, strikes him with hand-cuffs, knocking him over—runs out quickly, R.*

*Enter, CARL from cave—VIRGINIA, L.*

*Carl.* Vat ish wrong, Toby? Where ish your brisoner?

*Enter, SALINA from cave.*

*Miss V.* How could you let him go, Toby?

*Enter, MR. VILLARS from cave.*

*Toby.* (getting up) Dunno, misses, no more'n you do! 'Pears like he done gnawed off de rope wid his teeth.

*Sal.* I did it! (picking up knife) Here is the knife I took from his pocket and dropped it at his feet.

*Mr. V.* Salina, you have done a very treacherous and wicked thing. I pity you.

*Sal.* I know it, father. Do you know what made me? It was—

*Enter, PENN and MR. STACKRIDGE, quickly, L.*

*Penn.* Fly! Get into the cave as quickly as possible! (exit VIRGINIA, MR. VILLARS and SALINA into cave) Oh, here is Carl and Toby! You have arrived just in time. Come! We must prepare to defend ourselves. (exeunt, into cave)

*Re-enter, MR. STACKRIDGE, PENN, CARL and TOBY, with guns.*

*Mr. S.* Now, boys, keep a sharp lookout; and as soon as one of hem raises his head above those rocks, let him have it!

(points off R.)

*Carl.* (firing) I made von feller take down his head purty quick!

*Toby.* (fires—gun kicks him over) Lawdy massy—dat canon kills at bof ends!

*Mr. S.* They have succeeded in scaling those rocks, and are coming rapidly this way! Boys, let them have it!

(several shots are fired from both sides)

*Penn.* See, they have divided their forces—and the majority of them, led by Silas Ropes and Jim Gad, are going around to attack the rear end of the cave. They are intending to surprise us!

*Mr. S.* I believe that is so! Toby, you stay here, and we will go and give them a warm reception, if they undertake to enter the rear end of the cave. (exit, MR. STACKRIDGE and CARL)

*Penn.* If you see any signs of danger, let us know at once!

(exit, PENN into cave)

*Toby.* Now, jes' 'scuse me from any 'no' business ob dis kin'! A pussion stands a good chance ob gittin' pow'fully hurt, specially wid an' ole canon like dis, dat kills at bof ends!

*Enter, LYSANDER, L.—SALINA from cave, with revolver.*

*Lys.* Hello! Sal, what the devil do you mean?

(exit, TOBY into cave)

*Sal.* I mean to kill you, if you ever offer to set a foot in this place!

*Enter, VIRGINIA from cave.*

*Lys.* It's no use, gals! Don't make fools of yourselves—you won't be hurt; but I'm bound to go in there!

*Sal.* Do not attempt it!

*MR. VILLARS appears at entrance of cave*

*Lys.* Call off your gals, Mr. Villars!

*Mr. V.* Lysander, hear me! We are but three here, as you see; a helpless, old man, and two girls; why do you follow to persecute us? Go your way, and learn to be a man. My daughters do right to defend this place, which you—false and ungrateful—have betrayed. Attempt nothing farther, for we are not afraid to die!

*Enter, GUS, L.*

*Gus.* (*seizing VIRGINIA*) Now hear me! I am not to be spurned like a dog, even by the foot of—

*Enter, PENN from cave—VIRGINIA struggles away.*

*Penn.* (*covers him with pistol*) Make a single move—speak a single word, and you are food for the buzzards!

*Gus.* I have men within call

*Penn.* So have I!

*Enter, MR. STACKRIDGE, CARL and TOBY from cave.*

*Mr. S.* We are safe! Their leader, Silas Ropes, is dead; and his confederate, Jim Gad, is mortally wounded, and the soldiers have all dispersed!

*Enter, DAN, R.*

*Penn.* How is it, Daniel? Are we safe.

*Dan.* I be durned if you ain't! Here's a letter from General Derring—jest read it. I run 'bout all the way from town with it, fur he said it was very important that the gentleman should have it.

*Penn.* (*opening letter—reads*) "Dear Gus"—ah, this letter is for you, Mr. Bythewood! (*offers letter to Gus*)

*Gus.* (*gruffly*) Go on and read it!

*Penn.* (*reads*) "Dear Gus: This is an awful bad serape you have got into; but I suppose I must get you out of it. Villars shall have passports, and an escort, if he likes. I have ordered the soldiers from the mountains. The hardest thing to arrange is the Sprowl affair; however, I will do the best for him I can. Yours, etc., H. P. Derring."

*Gus.* I have nothing more to say. (*draws revolver*) I bid you all an eternal farewell! (*shoots himself—falls*)

*Lys.* There, see what you have driven him to! Sal, give me that—

*Sal.* Stand baek, or I'll shoot!

*Lys.* (*bounding towards her*) Shoot and be—(*she fires*) She has shot me! The fiend! (*sinks down dead*)

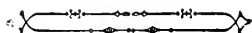
*Dan* (*trembling*) I knowed all the time somebody would git

"done up" afore this thing was through with. I be durned if I didn't!

*Mr. V.* My friends, these are terrible time; but whether we "live or die, survive or perish," let us resolve, one and all, to stand by the glorious old *Union!*

## CURTAIN.

THE END.



## SYNOPSIS.

**ACT I.** *Scene 1st.*—School-house—Penn and Carl—The threat—Foot-race between Carl, Dan and Jim—Penn's defense—"Hang him! hang him!"—Carl to the rescue—Tar and feathers. *Scene 2d.*—Interview between Sprowl and Bythewood. *Scene 3d.*—Toby—Virginia and her father—Toby frightened—"De debble will git me, snah!"—Arrival of Penn—Toby—"I'se a master han' to pick geese!"—Gus Bythewood, his Southern sentiments—Salina—"I am not a rebel!"—Mrs. Sprowl, the "lone widder," interviews Penn. Mr. Villars threatened—Virginia intercedes—"We'll give the Yankee three days to leave the country."—Carl and Dan—"They mean to kill Penn"—Escape of Penn.

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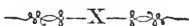
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**ACT II.** Jake and Ella—Harry Thurle missing—Jake, “I vill finds him pooty quick now!”—Crinley and Ella—Jake protects Ella—The goose pond—Maude tells Major Fay of Crinley’s treachery—Plan to abduct Ella, frustrated by Maude—Jake Schneider’s dream and rescue of Harry—Ella leaves home—Crinley discovers Maude, his wife—Shows his hand—Jake appears and prevents murder—“I peen not afraid of dot coward man!”—Major Fay and Crinley—The insult—Kettle of hot water—Jake on deck.

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NO.	M. F.	NO.	M. F.
<b>ETHIOPIAN FARCES--CONT'UED.</b>		118	The Popcorn Man..... 3 1
21	Handy Andy..... 2 0	6	The Studio..... 3 0
236	Hypochondriac The..... 2 0	108	Those Awful Boys..... 5 0
247	Incompatibility of Temper..... 1 2	4	Twain's Dodging..... 3 1
77	Joe's Visit..... 2 1	197	Tricks..... 5 2
88	Michievous Nigger..... 4 2	198	Uncle Jeff..... 5 2
256	Midnight Colic..... 2 1	170	U. S. Mail..... 2 2
128	Musical Darkey..... 2 0	216	Vice Versa..... 3 1
259	Nobody's Moke..... 5 2	206	Villkens and Dinah..... 4 1
90	No Cure No Pay..... 3 1	210	Virginia Mummy..... 6 1
61	Not as Deaf as He Seems..... 3 0	203	Who Stole the Chickens..... 1 1
234	Old Dad's Cabin..... 2 1	205	William Tell..... 4 0
150	Old Pompey..... 1 1	156	Wig Maker and His Servants 3 0
109	Other People's Children..... 3 2		
134	Pomp's Pranks..... 2 0	<b>GUIDE BOOKS.</b>	
177	Quarrel some Servants..... 3 0	17	Hints on Elocution.....
96	Rooms to Let..... 2 1	130	Hints to Amateurs.....
107	School..... 5 0		
133	Seeing Bosting..... 3 0	<b>CANTATA.</b>	
179	Sham Doctor..... 3 3	215	On to Victory..... 4 6
4	16,000 Years Ago..... 3 0		
25	Sport with a Sportsman..... 2 0	<b>TABLEAUX.</b>	
92	Stage Struck Darkey..... 2 1	250	Festival of Days.....
241	Struck by Lightning..... 2 2		
10	Stocks Up, Stocks Down..... 2 0	<b>PANTOMIME.</b>	
64	That Boy Sam..... 3 1	260	Cousin John's Album.....
252	That Awful Carpet Bag..... 3 3		
122	The Select School..... 5 0		



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